THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 114.

TO THE WANDERER.

OMICRON appears to be angry with a class of reasoners, who have concluded that there is a point of advancement in science, civilization, and prosperity, to which nations must be continually advancing, or from which they are ever receding. Should I maintain, Mr. Wanderer, an opposite sentiment from that of your correspondent, it will not be in the spirit of wanton contradiction. My friend Omicron may perhaps suspect me of a want of "patriotism." I should be sorry and ashamed, were his suspicions well founded. But my patriotism, such as it may be, is not of that passionate kind, which would deny the evidence of all history and experience, because it militated against the dreams of visionary theorists, respecting the future power and grandeur of my native country.

There is surely a resemblance between the rise and fall of nations, and the growth and decay of plants; and in general, a strong analogy between the progress of things in the material and immaterial worlds. Almost every object in Nature is circular. Her productions present every where to the eye curved lines, if not smooth surfaces. Hardly an angle can be found in any of her works. Such are the laws of the natural, and similar are those of the moral empire. The earth itself is a spheroid, and the objects it displays, seem to be formed on the master model. The orbit of planets is elliptical, and very much so is the growth of vegetables, and even the life of animals, and the rise and decline of nations.

As plants spring up in different soils, and suffer all the varieties of weather and climate, some being nurtured amid the storms of Winter, and some in the sultry heats of Summer, so States and Kingdoms are founded in different ages of the world, experience all the mighty vicissitudes of national existence, and arrive at prosperity, some by rapid, and some by laborious steps. —No two objects are perfectly similar; no two cases are entirely parallel; no two plants ever sprang up, arrived at maturity, and decayed in mechanical unison; no two republicks ever arose, walked hand in hand to the acme of power and glory, and then tumbled back in company. These are truisms. But they are no proofs that both plants and empires have not all in some measure an infancy, a manhood, and a ripeness; for both are weak, puerile, and succulent; both are strong, hardy, and inured to storms; both feel the caducity

of life, decay, crumble into seed, or are crushed by the arms of power.

The sun rises, mounts to his meridian, and descends to the shades, from which he emerged. Observe the progress of the seasons! The year is brought forth in youth and nakedness; Spring blossoms, Summer cultivates, and Autumn ripens its productions;—but Winter, as it were, annihilates them all. Such then is the course, where Nature and her laws more immediately preside. Do these laws embrace the progress of intellect, and the institutions of human thought?—Yes. All is still circular. ALL STILL A SYMBOL OF ETERNITY.

Regard first the life of Man. His infancy tender and imbecile; his manhood nervous, noble, and strengthened by augmented vigour; but Man, like the plant, has his climacteric. Degrading comparison! Man vegetates like a cabbage. It is in vain, Omicron, to appeal to our pride!—His limbs totter, his mind contracts, his memory rots, his juices are dried up, and he falls a victim to the diseases of life.

A State is founded by a cluster of roving adventurers; it covers but a speck of earth. It is prosperous; its sons are warlike, and their arms are successful; it swells in extent and population, and inundates the world with its power. But Rome, like all preceding and subsequent states, even Rome must yield to time. Like the Oak, which has battled the storms from youth to age, invigorated itself by long accumulating powers, and braced the earth with its foliage, till at last it surmounts its climacteric; jaundiced leaves announce its decay; it falls beneath the axe of the foresters.

Finally, there is still another moral revolution, whose orbit is so vast and comprehensive, that men are little accustomed to observe it. In the mechanism of the universe, it is one of those large wheels, which include within themselves a thousand smaller ones. It commences with the creation. The world is planted in youthful ignorance and simplicity; it advances slowly from ignorance to knowledge, from simplicity to vice, to arts, and civilization. Then is the period of its manhood; on the vast map of time, the Augustan era will ever shine in luminous array. From this point of moral advancement the world must descend: It has reached the acme of terrestrial excellence, and the causes, which now propel it downward, are above human controul. As the sun, when he rides round the Ecliptick, no sooner touches at the tropicks of Cancer or Capricorn, the true ne plus ultras of his course, than he descends to the Equator, the level from which he rose.—Need I say that a long dreary Winter ensues? That the Spring afterwards bursts forth, that the Summer sun again enlivens the world with rays more brilliant and salubrious, than it knew before, with a Harvest more exuberant? Need I declare that still another winter will ensue?

It is the writer's opinion that the world now verges on a second state of Barbarism. A thousand concurring signs seem to announce it. The looseness and disorder of the age; the broad dissemination of literature and knowledge, and their consequent corruption; the overthrow of ancient thrones, and above all the prospect of the establishment of a new universal dominion, all forewarn us of a decline.

This theory would not be overturned by the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. The *germ* of barbarism exists independent of him. A plethora is not cured by the extraction of the eyes, or the dislocation of an arm. A long chain of causes, commencing even with the revival of learning, united in their impulse, and inevitable in their consequences, have generated in the nations of Europe a disposition, I may say an aptitude to subjugation, a willingness to degenerate, which the deaths of ten Napoleons could not eradicate. The appearance of such a meteor, as this Bonaparte, may indeed hasten the delivery, perhaps fifty, or an hundred years; but it will only be a premature birth of those events, with which the womb of Time has long been pregnant.

The causes alluded to are so intricate and perplexing, the subjects they embrace are so important and extensive, as to forbid their being enlarged upon in the present discussion. M.

The subsequent communication has more of those glowing tints of description, which characterise that mistress of romance, whose magical incantations have so long charmed the world in "THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO," than any thing we have seen. It is not merely eminent as an imitation, that makes its appearance in a literary journal. Every lover of genius it invites to perusal, and we pledge ourselves it will reward the attention of taste. The critics of Europe, and the author of "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE" himself, would think the fair enchantress at length disenthralled; and hail the voice of the genius of returning inspiration.]

FOR THE EMERALD.

WANDERINGS OF IMAGINATION.

I was rambling a mountain-side on day-day morning. A few stars yet twinkled in the blue heaven, and the air wafted a freshness untasted by the slumberer, when winding round a lofty projection of rock, I met the fairest being, fashioned in the image of God. The blush of the east glowed on her cheek, her dark eye sparkled with vivacity, and her ethereal form, gracefully habited in white, displayed the airy charm of exquisite symmetry. A vision of glory swam on my view. With a smile of modest confusion, she said the beauty of this rural anniversary had invited her abroad, to gather the earliest flowers, and to enjoy the salubrity of the season. Her voice was melody, and its peculiar tone indicated that the Italian was her native language. We were soon acquainted, and conversed with as much freedom as many of a month's intimacy. Culling violets, daisies, and snowdrops, I interwove a fragrant wreath, and crowned her queen of the morning.

Were we mutually enamoured? Hand in hand we explored this wildest scene; resting on the trunk of an uprooted oak, we examined the mosses and unfolding buds of spring, or, absorbed in visions to come, we "sighed and looked unutterable things." How blissfully the moments flew! We could have relished an age of such intercourse. But invidious time warned my woodnymph to return. Having insensibly attained the summit of the mountain as the sun rose, we watched his orb emerging from the ocean, and smiling, as we imagined, on this commencement of our happiness. A world lay unbounded beneath us. As we surveyed the harmonious assemblage of nature's varieties—woods whose embryo leaves were moistened with dew—streams meandering through fertile vales—smoke curling and melting over village tops—"the moving many-coloured sea"—*a vessel in the remote horizon sailing across the disk of the sun*—our hearts spontaneously breathed a prayer of gratitude to that Benevolence, which spoke into being the beauteous fabric of the universe.

I would have urged my charmer to remain longer, or I would have

joyfully accompanied her home, but as a crowd of giggling girls now approached, we unwillingly separated. A parting embrace sealed our mutual wish to meet again. I stood motionless on a cliff admiring her elastic step, and marking even her white robe, ruffled or smoothed by the breeze, as she bounded down the western descent. At the bottom she stopped, looked back a moment, and noticing my statue-like position, playfully waved her festoons of flowers, and disappeared behind a grove of willows. Her fairy figure still floated before me. Meantime the peasant girls came up, and archly inquired at what star I was gazing so intently. They rallied me. My heavenly musings could ill brook their pleasantries. I left them in their mirth, and returned down the eastern declivity, deeply reflecting upon my May-morning adventure.

After this interview, I heard no more from my woodnymph till toward night. As I glanced my eye over my right shoulder, quite by accident, I perceived a mite of a boy most brilliantly arrayed, and glittering with gold and jewels, skipping through my entry, and hastily presenting me this billet unsealed.

To the Man of the Mountain.

"If you mean to have any thing more to say to me, as your eyes too plainly declared at our taking leave, why have you not visited my humble residence? Your American girls here teaze and pester me so incessantly, I cannot endure it. Our accidental meeting has occasioned me many happy and many unhappy reflections; but if we are to meet no more, I must remove beyond the reach of calumny and impertinence. Alas! I fear you have forgotten your

BERTHA."

I cannot precisely remember her words—I wish I could—but I am positive there was an error of grammar or two, that were inestimably dear. Charming maid! how I pitied your undeserved vexation—all too on my own account—and how agreeably was I affected by your artless confession! It corresponded with the undisguised simplicity of your character.

I perused and reperused the lines with an ecstacy, which I am altogether unable to express. Kissing them a thousand times, and in imagination pressing their lovely composer to my heart. I resolved to make the two-foot urchin tarry till I could communicate a word of answer, which, after an indispensable engagement, I intended to follow in person. We were just entering my library, and I was proceeding toward my desk to pour out my love-endearments, when—so some demon seemed to have decreed—four intruders boisterously tumbled into the room, and at their head a designing, malevolent, dark-looking fellow, called Roberto. My Mercury vanished—my undefined rapture vanished with him—and the fiercest indignation shook my frame. Oh, how hard it is to suppress the frenzied swellings of rage! Although my smothered animosity longed to burst to mount, to flame outrageously, and although I cordially wished these interlopers sunk in the abysses of the Styx, I could not in politeness wholly neglect them. As they had effectually discomposed me, and apparently could not heighten my discomposure they retreated after an hour's treat of frigid civility.

After my engagement, I visited Bertha in a chamber of a small mansion that stood near the skirts of a village and the pleasure which I really felt and which I fancied I saw beaming in her guileless countenance, is not to be described. How I looked, how I languished, how the fatal delusion stole me from myself!* My partiality was immoveably fixed. Every glance from her eloquent eye—every view of her intelligent features—deepened my former impression.

Several persons came in, and Roberto also came among them. A gentleman having a violin—the sweetest toned I ever listened to—played some sprightlier airs with superior skill.

* *Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.*
VIRGIL.

flute was handed to me, and we attempted a few more together; but as the instruments indifferently accorded, we were not eminently successful. Bertha, however, compensated for our failure. At our request, she timidly seated herself at her piano-forte, and performed the admired marches in *Saul*, the *Battle of Prague*, and some miscellaneous pieces. She at last selected one which a gentleman gave me to understand was her own composition. She commenced with a tremulous hand. Accompanying the melody with a plaintive song, expressive of the languishing illness and death of an unfortunate relative—in a foreign land—among unpitying strangers—and destitute even of the comforts of life—she drew a gush of tears from every eye; but when she sang his release from misfortune, and poverty, and pain, and tears—his reuniting with endeared friends; his communion with blessed spirits—and the sun-smile of a recompensing God—we were lifted to an awful sublimity of feeling, which, to be conceived, must be experienced.

Evening had now passed away in music and conversation; the company went off one after another; and finally none remained but Roberto. He gloomily sat in a remote corner; but just as I was rising to take a seat beside my sweet musician—now the retired visitors had given the wished opportunity—he suddenly came forward, and occupied the place before me. My blood boiled in my veins. Was it malicious envy, or might it not be a real attachment? His presence must be unwelcome—I was fully convinced of Bertha's fidelity. To be interrupted a second time by this black promoter of mischief! I could have massacred him in my resentment. But respect for a house I had never entered before, and perhaps a secret desire to witness the repulsive deportment of Bertha, restrained my arm. Soon however my violence was redoubled, and diverted to another object. Bertha—yes that emblem of immaculate, undeceiving simplicity—Bertha was not displeased with the usurper. They smiled, they whispered, they gave reciprocal glances. Hypocrite!—Deceiver!—She had solicited this visit, and now, while I sat agitated with a whirlwind of conflicting emotions—love, jealousy, revenge—she continued as tranquilly unconcerned, as if they two were alone in existence. We were thus situated a long—oh, an eternity to me. But three Misses knocking at the lower door, broke up their abhorred whispers and my vengeful broodings.

These village-misses would not come in, but bashfully waited until Bertha went out. Roberto, being nearest a candle, took it, and we three went down together. While she walked a few rods with the villagers, and he stood holding the light at the door, I might have attacked—I might have throttled the fiend—I might have chastised his insolent intrusion—it came into my mind—but the time and place were unfit; confusion would ensue; and my bursting impetuosity might be construed as an affront. I delayed my vengeance, and pursued another plan. I joined the girls. Their trifling errand was soon done. Bertha and I remained alone. I offered to take her hand, which she mysteriously refused; and as I was opening my parched mouth to remonstrate, she flew with the rapidity of lightning toward the house. I as rapidly followed. Roberto holding the candle received her, and in a twinkling they were cooped in the chamber. She supposed me close at hand, and in fact I had advanced as far as the head of the stairs; but then an instantaneous effort of judgment arrested me. I turned, descended, hurried round the corner of the house, as I heard her calling after me, and distractedly strode away. Who shall picture my feelings! A delirium of fury and tenderness—a flood of mingled thoughts overwhelmed me.

The night was dark and stormy. The wind howled in the distant mountain, and amid its wild sweeps the surge was heard heavily dashing on the beach. The sounds—the darkness—the midnight hour—were

in unison with my frame of mind. I bent my course over the mountain, visited every spot, where we had rambled in the morning, mounted the cliff, and gazed toward the village—but—one little window excepted—all was wrapped in undistinguishable gloom.—Was the glimmering from Bertha's apartment? Like a perturbed spirit, I flung myself down the craggy declivities—plunged into the thickest woods—invoked the phantoms that rushed on the pinions of the storm—traversed unheedingly the adjacent country—and at last found myself on the margin of the deep. The billows raved and burst—the wind swept over the waste—it was a congenial scene. I sat down on a fragment of a mast. There as I revolved my fate—my imbittered fate—I heard in a pause of the ocean-roar—I distinctly heard these emphatic words, as they came over the sea—"BERTHA IS FAITHFUL"—I sprang breathlessly from the sand, and listened breathlessly—but the sounds had mingled with the weltering of the waves. In the next pause a few faint notes vibrated on my ear—and for a moment the lovely moon burst from a broken cloud.

I ran—I leaped—I flew—nor relaxed my speed till I reached the mansion of the maid. The clouds were now dispersing before the effusive rays of dawn. Bertha observed me hastening across a meadow, came out to meet me, and addressed me with her accustomed ingenuousness. I as ingenuously repeated to her my feelings of the past night, the occasion of my abrupt departure, and my consequent agonies and wanderings. While a tear trembled in her eye, she declared that the cause was ill-founded, that I had no rival, that Roberto was a mere acquaintance, who occasionally whiled away a vacant hour at her boarding-house, and that he departed immediately after me.

Although I feared I saw an air of mystery and reserve in her manner, yet so willing are we to believe what we wish, her explanation instantly calmed the tempest of my soul. Beams of bliss dawned out of chaos—blissful schemes were busily formed—hours winged their flight with unwonted swiftness. Thoughts of love! how deliciously ye occupy the bosom!

Bertha remarking that this was her birth-day, gave me an invitation to a dance in the evening. I told her what melancholy, recluse, unenlivened years my six last had been, and that I now anticipated many of a livelier aspect. She blushed, and hoped the same. I left her after a long, delightful, uninterrupted interchange of joy. I imagined I had realized the truth of the old adage—

The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

Time rolled away on the tardy wheels of expectation. I went to see her in the afternoon, for impatience prevented my waiting till night; and found her with a merry cluster of girls, who were amusing themselves in a swinging-machine. She welcomed me with becoming formality, and seemed considerably agreeable, though to the lynx-eye of a lover all was evidently not right. The willow-grove farewell was no more. Oh, the fickleness of woman!—She politely invited me to stay at tea, but I, as politely refusing, went home, and returned after sunset. We danced reels, sixes, and cotillions; I regretted the omission of my favourite country-dances. Bertha averred she never danced, and consequently resisted my repeated importunities to persuade her to dance with me; but near the close of the evening she danced with Roberto unsolicited. That was a finishing stroke—a stab—a deep wound. I witnessed her coldness with silent sorrow—her disaffection with embittered anguish, for her loveliness from the first had inextricably intwined itself with my heart-fibres. Having ever treated her with unequivocal delicacy and respect—even with affectionate partiality—I could not account for her inconsistencies. Had some infernal busybody intermeddled?

The company departed at eleven. All went away, as before, but the ac-

cursed Roberto. I waited not his movement, but bidding an unmeaning goodnight, rushed home, flung myself upon my bed, rolled, and tossed in bitterness of heart. Oh for the relief—oh for the heaven of a single tear! the fountain of my eyes was dried up. My throat was choaked with passion. I meditated an everlasting estrangement. No more would I behold—no more should the false perfidious coquette sport with my misery. While I was framing these resolves, and as frequently dismissing them; my little messenger of love reappeared in his former lustre, and thus briefly addressed me—"I will now carry to Bertha your billet of love"—My billet of love! I inwardly groaned, as his words struck on my soul; but I repressed the rising emotion, and by the light of the moon wrote these farewell lines.

To the Maid of the Mountain.

"You have cruelly deceived an honest heart, whose dearest pleasure was in seeing you happy. That heart however, although it has been cruelly deceived, will never curse the deceiver, but unceasingly pray for her prosperity. I shall often remember the rock, the uprooted oak, the cliff, the willow-grove, and weep—bitterly weep for capricious woman. Adieu for ever."

The seeming page received my note, gave it a cursory inspection, and smiled upon me with unspeakable benignity. On a sudden his diminutive form was dilated to the size of man, and at the same moment assumed such commanding beauty—such majestic mildness—that I longed, yet feared to look upon him. He smilingly exclaimed—

"She is no deceiver. The lovely maid, whom you saw and admired on May-morning, was conditionally destined to be yours. That jewel was not destined for the unworthy. You have therefore been alternately deluded by your good and evil genius. Thus are weal and woe intermingled—Thus have you been weighed in the balance; and though not unexceptionable, your behaviour is upon the whole approved. Your interview on the mountain—your hopes and ecstacies—your disappointments and vindictive animosities—your midnight wandering to the sea-beach—all have been effected by the combined influence of invisible powers. You wonder, but be patient—One thing alone is no illusion. You have seen the resemblance of one, who yet dwells afar off; of one who has equally seen the resemblance of you, and whom you are to possess at the appointed hour. Cherish her lovingly because you love her, cherish her lovingly for her own worth! Oh, you will lovingly cherish the only relative of your dead friend—the only surviving relative of your—Alberto."

I knew—I sprang to embrace my dear departed associate—to clasp his knees for gladness—but eagerness—excusable eagerness—broke my visionary reveries—restored me to the REALITIES OF DAY.

The sun of the new-year had already arisen, and darted his radiance through the five stars of my window-shutters. Instead of the verdure of spring appeared the ravages of winter. I mused deeply all the morning on the strange shapings of fancy—so I denominate them—and was sometimes affected even to tears at the remembrance. Unable to employ my mind upon any foreign theme, I occupied the remainder of the forenoon in composing a regular detail of the particulars, before they faded for ever from the memory.

ARIOSTO:

Afternoon, Jan. 1. 1808.

THE DRAMA.
No. 12.

FOR THE EMERALD.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

Wednesday evening, January 27th.

THE plot of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," was borrowed from a novel of Cervantes. The play was written by Fletcher, unassisted by Beaumont, and is now, if we except the plays of Shakespeare, the most popular of any production written at so early a period of Eng-

lish literature. It was second in succession to the Humorous Lieutenant, which piece was played at the original opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1663. Beaumont and Fletcher united, wrote fifty-three dramatic pieces; and the wonder is not that so few of them have maintained possession of the stage; but that any of them should remain upon it, debased as they are by immorality, vulgarity, and licentiousness. These writers undoubtedly have produced many splendid passages, but not one play, which, if performed as originally composed, would be heard to the conclusion. These authors were either envious of the reputation of Shakespeare, or the distinctions of rank at that period, were so nicely observed, that it would have degraded them to have noticed him; for in the second folio edition of his works, among four or five pages of panegyrical effusions, we cannot find the names of either Beaumont or Fletcher. The one, however, was son to the Bishop of London, and the father of the other, was Judge of an English Court.

We imagine the comedy of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," preserves a respectable station on the English stage, because it contains some of the most striking incidents in comedy, rather than from any opinion entertained of its nicety of plot, morality of principle, or character of dialogue.—Indeed the language is often debased, vulgar, and general; the circumstances are sometimes unnecessary, and sometimes incongruous, and the conduct of the story is wanting in dramatic unity. Since we can discover in this play no traits of that consummate excellence which consecrate the renown of Shakespeare, we presume it is generally exhibited, to show the striking contrast contained in the character of Leon, the peculiar humour of the copper Captain, and the "jade's tricks" of Estifania.

The character of Leon, Perez, and Estifania, have been filled at various periods by the most respectable performers that ever lived. Mahon, Hart, and Mrs. Boutel, in very early, and Garrick, Woodward, and Mrs Pritchard, in succeeding times, have conferred importance on the parts by the greatness of their talents. And since then, the most distinguised histrionic names have been added to the list. Indeed without eminently good performance, the play would sink into insignificance, or excite displeasure. On the American stage, the names of Cooper, Harwood, and Mrs. Stanley, are sufficiently distinguished to be no improper successors to such parts and to such performers.

The success of Mr. Cooper in the character of Leon, we believe, has induced him to consider it one of his most capital exertions of talent. And we are willing to confess, we never have witnessed in the general expression of a character more propriety; in a change of apparent disposition, more contrast, and in the various exterior requisites, more personal endowments than are evinced by Mr Cooper in his representation of Leon. After this acknowledgement, we wish we could say his accuracy of emphasis and elocution bore any proportion of excellence to his action and deportment. Particular passages, though uttered with spirit and animation, were greatly defective in pronunciation.

His repetition of Margarita's expression—

"I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
"Thou *cozen'd* fool,"

we think conveyed an erroneous idea. Leon replies with manly dignity,

"Thou *cozen'd* fool!
"I will *not* be commanded."

Mr. Cooper converts the expression into a sneer, of which we do not see the propriety;

"*Thou* cozen'd fool."

Leon certainly would not *boast* of cozening Margarita, before her face, much less when in the same play he says he has practised no dishonourable artifice.

We thought we could discover in the following passage an error.

"Will your grace but honour me,
And taste our dinner? *All anger's past, I hope,*
And I shall serve ye."

The words marked are evidently a rhetorical parenthesis, and should have been so delivered; but Mr. C—— pronounced them in a tone in no respect differing from a tone of invitation. We observed an inaccurate utterance of this sentence.

"He that dares strike against the husband's *freedom*,
"The husband's *curse* stick to him."

Mr. Cooper marked *husband's* in the first and second line, without noticing the word *freedom*. But we turn from further

censure to willing praise. The phrases, "Sir, you are a gentleman," "Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir;" were uncommonly well uttered.

In the first indications of change, and afterwards, until the complete revolution of the character, Mr. Cooper discovered a great degree of science in his profession, and complete knowledge of effect.

Though Mr. Harwood is a performer new to the Boston Stage, he has been much esteemed in the southern cities of this Continent, as a chaste and excellent comedian. Our attention was therefore much interested to witness his performance of Michael Perez, as being a character of high standing in the comic drama. We derived from it much pleasure, and felt some disappointment. Our disappointment however arose from his inaccuracy in the text rather than in his conception of the part. The rapidity of his utterance confounds the necessary distinction of idea, to produce the effect proposed. In the description of his lodgings, we lost the force of many of the epithets, and allusions, from their being too much blended in the pronunciation; and sometimes from inaccurate emphasis. The ancient dramatic writings demand more caution in utterance, in proportion as the language is more obscure.

There were several judicious points of discrimination observable in the part; *it was restrained in extravagance*, and on the whole it was performed to the general satisfaction of the audience. Of the performance of the rest of the male characters, being unimportant in themselves, we pass over it without particular notice or distinction.

The character of Estifania, as performed by Mrs Stanley, was almost destitute of the agreeable. And this we attribute to the drawling, sing-song manner of her playing, which, though she has often been reminded of it, she has not corrected, and which is sure to destroy the effect of every character it pervades. More especially is it to be avoided in comedy, which will not admit of any quality, so opposite to vivacity as a drawl. Abstracted from this prevalent defect, the part was well comprehended, and uttered with general propriety. She was perhaps too broad in her licentious deportment, and in her humour in repeating the word "Captain;" but the jewel scene, so to speak, displayed much scenic management, and evinced great merit. From among some instances of false emphasis which were observable, we shall notice the following, and close our remarks on her performance with the observation, that there was more in it to be praised than censured.

"Here comes another *trout*, that I must *tickle*."

This line is as badly marked as possible. *Another* was the only word on which any peculiar stress ought to be laid.

Mrs. Usher, as Margarita, was defective, as well in costume, as in conception and utterance. The early English writers seem above her reach.

As the scene of this play lies in Spain, and the frequent allusions to the war in Holland mark its chronology with great precision, we were a little surprised to observe so many violations of costume in our motley group of performers. The Spanish habiliments of that day are, we think, better known, than the modern fashions in Bond street. But the American stage, we presume, claims an exemption from historical correctness, by the right of prescription, by a sort of *quidlibet videndi* by whose agency the incongruously diversified dresses of all ages and nations are crowded into one play, like wild beasts of the field into the ark, and a feather from all the birds in the air is added by way of codicil to grace them!

We object to the dress, being in modern English, because there is no propriety or reason for the arrangement; but at all events let the fashion be *unique*. The appearance of the characters should indicate that they belong to the same age and country.

The play passed off with considerable *eclat*, and the three principal performers received, as they in general deserved, "great largesses" of approbation.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Dr. Robertson.

The Biographer of the Historian Robertson thus eulogizes the subject of his memoirs. "In writing

the history of a great nation, it is neccessary to connect with the narrative, occasional episodes with respect to such foreign affairs as had an influence on the policy of the Government, or on the fortunes of the people. To accomplish this with success, by bestowing on these digressions, perspicuity and interest, without entering into that minuteness of detail which might mislead the attention of the reader from the principal subject, is unquestionably one of the most difficult tasks of an Historian; and in executing this task, Dr. Robertson's judgment and skill will not suffer by a comparison with those displayed by the most illustrious of his rivals."

STEWART.

The sentiments of the eloquent Burke, in a letter to Robertson, is not less flattering to that writer. "History, from its comparative youth, is but a poor instructor. When the Egyptians called the Greeks Children in Antiquities, we may well call them Children; and so we may call all those nations which were able to trace the progress of society only within their own limits. But now the great Map of Mankind is unrolled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism, and no mode of refinement which we have not at the same moment under our view: the very different civility of Europe and of China; the barbarism of Persia and of Abyssinia; the erratick manners of Tartary and of Arabia; the savage state of North America and of New Zealand. Indeed you have made a noble use of the advantages you have had. You have employed philosophy to judge on manners, and from manners you have drawn new resources for philosophy."

"There is a style," (says Mr. Burke, in a letter addressed to Mr. Murphy on his Translation of Tacitus,) "which daily gains ground amongst us, which I should be sorry to see further advanced by a writer of your just reputation. The tendency of the mode to which I allude is, to establish two very different Idioms amongst us, and to introduce a marked distinction between the English that is written and the English that is spoken. This practice, if grown a little more general, would confirm this distemper, such I must think it, in our language, and perhaps render it incurable.

"From this feigned manner of *falcetto*, as I think the musicians call something of the same sort in singing, no one modern Historian, Robertson only excepted, is perfectly free. It is assumed, I know, to give dignity and variety to the style. But whatever success the attempt may sometimes have, it is always obtained at the expence of purity, and of the graces that are natural and appropriate to our language. It is true that when the exigence calls for auxiliaries of all sorts, and common language becomes unequal to the demands of extraordinary thoughts, something ought to be conceded to the necessities which make 'ambition virtue.' But the allowances to necessities ought not to grow into a practice. Those portents and prodigies ought not to grow too common. If you have, here and there (much more rarely, however, than others of great and not unmerited fame,) fallen into an error, which is not that of the dull or careless, you have an Author who is himself guilty, in his own tongue, of the same fault, in a very high degree. No author thinks more

deeply, or paints more strongly; but he seldom or ever expresses himself naturally. It is plain, that comparing him with Plautus and Terence, or the beautiful fragments of Publius Syrus, he did not write the language of good conversation. Cicero is much nearer to it. Tacitus, and the writers of his time, have fallen into that vice, by aiming at a poetical style. It is true, that eloquence in both modes of rhetorick is fundamentally the same; but the manner of handling it is totally different, even where words and phrases may be transferred from the one of these departments of writing to the other."

SWIFT.

"I know your partiality to Dean Swift, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even approve, but surely can never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament; and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that Author's place would not be so high among their classics." HUME.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

On the evening of the 11th September, was felt at Nieuwied, and its environs, a strong shock of an earthquake, accompanied with some very remarkable circumstances. The noise, which was heard at the moment of the commotion, resembled the rattling of carriages proceeding with great velocity. The fishermen on the Rhine saw numbers of fish thrown out of the water. The wind suddenly ceased, the sky became suddenly thick with clouds, and towards midnight a shock again occurred, which was followed by a third, about three in the morning. On the preceding day there was a sharp frost, which in many places congealed the water. No lives were lost by the event.

DOMESTIC.

John A. Grimes proposes to publish in Paris, (Ken.) a weekly paper, to be entitled "The Western Citizen"—nothing said about party.

J. Fishback and E. Morfield propose publishing at Lexington, in the same State, "The Lexington Medical Expositor," to be published monthly.

Mr. Negrin, lately editor of "L'Oracle," a French and English paper at Charleston, S. C. has purchased the establishment of "The Daily Advertiser and People's Friend" at New York, and publishes "L'ORACLE, *le echo de jour*, and Daily Advertiser, in French and English.

Jacob Wagner, late chief-clerk to the department of State, proposes publishing a daily Gazette at Baltimore, "on federal principles," to be entitled "The North American."

Variation of the Magnetic Needle.

S. Dewit, Esq. Surveyor General of the State of New York, has lately discovered, that the variation in the magnetic needle is rapidly changing in a direction contrary to that in which it hath hitherto moved. This is a singular and interesting phenomenon. Communications from the scientific, as to the time when this reversed movement commenced, the progress it has already made, and the causes which have produced it, are greatly to be desired.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communication of ARIOSTO is inserted intire, as we would not impair its interest by giving it in fragments.

M. is invited to conclude the discussion which our ingenious friend Omicron induced him to begin.

Has EDWIN forgotten January? We wish him to complete the series, that his productions may mark the months as signs in the poetical Zodiac.

ERRATUM.—In the last Wanderer in the allusion to "the *young man*," for "*Independence* has so long been to him an inexhaustible fund," &c read "*Impudence* has so long been to him" &c.

POETRY.

THE WATER LILY.

BY MR. THELWALL.

A$ o'er the western moor I stray'd,
A beauteous flow'ret caught my view,
Whose half-unfolded leaves display'd
The virgin snow's unsullied hue.

The fountain of a nameless stream
Its stem with purest nurture fed;
And, cool beneath the noontide beam,
It slumber'd on its chrystal bed.

I stoop'd to gaze; when, on the breeze
That o'er the dimpling fountain play'd,
Such fragrance rush'd the sense to seize
As never breath'd in vernal glade.

If simple beauty charm'd my sight,
The breathing soul enraptur'd more;
And, panting with a fond delight,
The Lily from its stem I bore.

And, as I placed it in my breast,
What added charms the prize reveal'd,
Disclosing what the modest vest
From passing eyes had kept conceal'd.

The snow without, within was gold;
Pure living gold of warmest ray;
Like Innocence in Beauty's mould,
Or deeds of worth that shun the day.

LACHIN Y GAIR.*

BY THE RT. HON. G. GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Away, ye gay landscapes; ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On Chieftains, long perished, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine covered glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
"Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, tho' brave, did no visions foreboding,
"Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,
The Pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse e'er I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you;
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

* *Pronounced in Erse, Loch na Garr.*

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